

JEANNIE'S BLUE E'E.

Oh, bright are the gems on a queen's snowy brow;
And sweet are the flowers that on mossy banks grow;
But brighter by far, and sweeter to me,
Is the kind counthio glauco o' my Jeannie's blue e'e.

As some beaming star in heaven's blue dome
Kludly lights up the pilgrim's way home,
So my heart's lighted up, and my steps bound with
glee,

When I feel the kind glauco o' my Jeannie's blue e'e.

When I'm weary and worn, despairing and sad,
What is't lights my eye? makes my brow clear and
glad?

Makes my heart bound with joy, gay, gladsome and
free?

'Tis the sweet winning glauco o' my Jeannie's blue e'e.

She's fairer to me than the sweetest wee flow'r
That e'er bloom'd in beauty, on bank, or on bow'r;
Oh, to gain but her love, I could lay down and dee
For one tender glauco o' her bonnie blue e'e.

Give the miler his gold, and the warrior fame,
The friendless a friend, and the nameless a name,
The mean rafe to greatness; but, oh! give to me
Only one loving glauco o' my Jeannie's blue e'e.

May her brow aye be clear, and her glauco ever bright,
Her bosom aye happy, her heart ever light;
May sorrow and care far, far from her flee:
May a tear never dim her bonnie blue e'e.

And when her sun sets on that glorious shore,
Where parting, and sorrow, and sin are no more—
With my whole soul I pray that the last glauco may be
A glauco full of peace in my Jeannie's blue e'e.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S HISTORY,"
FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND," EDITED BY
CHARLES DICKENS.

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CHAPTER II. ANNO DOMINI 1860.

Two persons sat together in a first floor room overlooking Chancery-lane. The afternoon sky was grey, and cold, and dull; and the room was greyer, colder, duller than the sky. Everything about the place looked sordid and neglected. The rain-channelled smoke of years had crusted on the windows. The deed-boxes on the shelves behind the door, the shabby books in the book-case opposite the fireplace, the yellow map that hung over the mantelpiece, the tape-tied papers on the table, were all thickly coated with white dust. There was nothing fresh or bright within those four walls, except a huge green safe with panelled iron doors and glittering scutcheons, fixed into a recess beside the fireplace. There were only two old-fashioned horse-hair covered chairs in the room. There was not even a carpet on the floor. A more comfortless place could scarcely be conceived beyond the walls of a prison; and yet, perhaps, it was not more comfortless than such places generally are.

It was the private room of William Trefalden, Esq., attorney at law, and it opened out from the dull dreary office in which his clerks were at work. There was a clock in each room, and an almanac on each mantelshelf. The hands of both clocks pointed to half past four, and the almanacs both proclaimed that it was the second day of March, A.D. eighteen hundred and sixty.

The two persons sitting together in the inner chamber was the lawyer and one of his clients. Placed as he was with his back to the window and his face partly shaded by his hand, Mr. Trefalden's features were scarcely distinguishable in the gathering gloom of the afternoon. His client—a stout, pale man, with the forest of iron grey hair about his massive temples—sat opposite, with the light full upon his face, and his hands crossed on the knob of his umbrella.

"I have come to talk to you, Mr. Trefalden," said he, "about that Castletowers mortgage."

"The Castletowers mortgage?" repeated Mr. Trefalden.

"Yes—I think I could do better with my money. I sh—ort I wish to foreclose."

The lawyer shifted round little further from the light, and drew his hand a little lower over his eyes.

"What better do you think you could do with your money, Mr. Behrens?" he said after a moment's pause. "It is an excellent investment. The Castletowers estate is burthened with no other encumbrance; and what can you desire better than five per cent secured on landed property?"

"I have nothing to say against it, as an investment," replied the client; "but—I prefer something else."

Mr. Trefalden looked up with a keen, inquiring glance.

"You are too wise a man, I am sure, Mr. Behrens," said he, "to let yourself be tempted by an unsafe rate of interest."

The client smiled grimly.

"You are too wise a man, I should hope, Mr. Trefalden," rejoined he, "to suspect Oliver Behrens of any such folly? No, the fact is that five per cent is no longer of such importance to me as it was seven years ago, and I have a mind to lay out that twenty-five thousand upon land."

"Upon land?" echoed the lawyer, "My dear Sir, it would scarcely bring you three and a half per cent."

"I know that," replied the client. "I can afford it."

There was another brief silence.

"You will not give notice, I suppose," said Mr. Trefalden, quietly, "till you have seen something which you think likely to suit you?"

"I have seen something already," replied Mr. Behrens.

"Indeed?"

"Yes; in Worcestershire—one hundred and thirty miles from London."

"Is not that somewhat far for a man of business, Mr. Behrens?"

"No, I have my box in Surrey, you know, adjoining the Castletowers grounds."

"True. Have you taken any steps towards this purchase?"

"I have given your address to the lawyers in whose care the papers are left, and have desired them to communicate with you upon the subject. I trust to you to see that the title is all as it should be."

Mr. Trefalden slightly bent his head.

"I will give you my best advice upon it," he replied.

"In the mean time, I presume, you would wish to give notice of your desire to foreclose the mortgage."

"Precisely what I came here to do."

Mr. Trefalden took up a pen, and an oblong slip of paper.

"You will allow twelve months, of course?" said he interrogatively.

"Certainly not. Why should I? Only six are stipulated for in the deed."

"True; but courtesy,—"

"Tush! this is a matter of law, not courtesy," interrupted the client.

"Still, I fear it would prove a serious inconvenience to Lord Castletowers," remonstrated the lawyer.

"Twenty-five thousand pounds is a largesum."

"Lord Castletowers' convenience is nothing to me," replied the other, abruptly. "I'm a man of the people, Mr. Trefalden. I have no respect for coronets."

"Very possible, Mr. Behrens," said Trefalden, in the same subdued tone; "but you may remember that your interest has been paid with scrupulous regularity, and that it is a very hard matter for a poor nobleman—Lord Castletowers is poor—to find so heavy a sum as twenty-five thousand pounds at only six months' notice."

"He did not think it too short when he gave me the bond," said Mr. Behrens.

"He wanted money," replied Mr. Trefalden, with a scarcely perceptible shrug of the shoulders.

"Well, and now I want it. Come, come, Mr. Trefalden, Lord Castletowers is your client, and no doubt you would like to oblige him; but I am your client too—and a better one than he is, I'll be bound!"

"I trust, Mr. Behrens, that I should never seek to oblige one client at the expense of another," said the lawyer slyly. "If you think that I would, you wrong me greatly."

"I think, sir, that, like most other folks, you have more respect for a lord than a wool-stapler," answered the man of the people, with a hard smile. "But I don't blame you for it. You're a professional man, and all professional men have those prejudices."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Trefalden. "I have none. I am the son of a merchant, and my family have all been merchants for generations. But this is idle. Let us proceed with our business. I am to take your instructions, Mr. Behrens, to serve Lord Castletowers

with a notice of your desire to foreclose the mortgage in six months' time?"

Mr. Behrens nodded, and the lawyer made a note of the matter.

"I am also to understand that should Lord Castletowers request a further delay of six months, you would not be disposed to grant it?"

"Certainly not."

Mr. Trefalden laid his pen aside.

"If he can't find the money," said the wool-stapler, "let him sell the old place. I'll buy it."

"Shall I tell his lordship so?" asked Mr. Trefalden with a slight touch of sarcasm in his voice.

"If you like. But it won't come to that, Mr. Trefalden. You're a rich man—aha! you needn't shake your head—you're a rich man, and you'll lend him the money."

"Indeed you are quite mistaken, Mr. Behrens," replied the lawyer, rising. "I am a very poor man."

"Ay, you say so, of course; but I know what the world thinks of your poverty, Mr. Trefalden. Well, good morning. You're looking pale, sir. You work too hard and think too much. That's the way with you clever saving men. You should take care of yourself."

"Pshaw! how can a bachelor take care of himself?" said Mr. Trefalden, with a faint smile.

"True; you should look out for an heiress."

The lawyer shook his head.

"No, no," said he, "prefer my liberty. Good morning."

"Good morning."

Mr. Trefalden ushered his client through the office, listened for a moment to his heavy footfall going down the stairs, hastened back to his private room, and shut the door.

"Good God!" exclaimed he, in a low agitated tone, "what's to be done now? This is ruin—ruin!"

He took three or four restless turns about the room, then flung himself into his chair, and buried his face in his hands.

"He might well say that I looked pale," muttered he. "I felt pale. It came upon me like a thunder-stroke. I a rich man, indeed! I with twenty-five thousand pounds at command! Merciful powers! what can I do? To whom can I turn for it? What security have I to give? Only six months' notice, too. I am lost! I am lost!"

He rose and went to the great safe beside the fireplace. His hand trembled so that he could scarcely fit the key to the lock. He threw back one of the heavy iron-panelled doors, and brought out a folded parchment, with the words "Deed of Mortgage between Gervase Leopold Wynclyffe, Earl of Castletowers, and Oliver Behrens, Esq., of Bread-street, London," written upon the outer side. Opening this document upon the desk, he resumed his seat, and read it carefully through from beginning to end. As he did so, the trouble deepened and deepened on his face, and his cheek grew still more deathly. When he came to the signatures at the end, he pushed it from him with a bitter sigh.

"Not a flaw in it!" he groaned. "No pretext for putting off the evil day for even a week beyond the time! What a fool I was to think I could ever replace it! And yet what could I do? I wanted it. If it were to do again to-morrow, I should do it. Yes, by Heaven! I should, be the consequences what they might."

He paused, rose again, and replaced the mortgage deed in the safe.

"If I only dared to burn it!" said he, with a lingering glance at the fire. "Oh if——"

He took a letter from the table, and stood looking for some moments at that signature.

"Oliver Behrens!" he mused. "A bold hand, with something of the German character in that little twist at the top of the O, easy to imitate; but then the witness—No, no, impossible! Better expatriation than such a risk as that. If the worst comes to the worst, there's always America."

And with this he sank down into his chair again, rested his chin upon his own palms, and fell into a deep and silent train of thought.

CHAPTER III. RESOLVED.

As William Trefalden sat in his little dismal private room, wearily thinking, the clouds in the sky parted towards the west, and the last gleam of daylight fell upon his face. Such a pale eager face as it was, too, with a kind of strange beauty in it that no merely vulgar eye would have seen at all. To the majority of persons, William Trefalden was simply a gentlemanly